

The Republican.

No. 19, Vol. 8.] LONDON, Friday, Nov. 14, 1823. [PRICE 6d.]

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTY OF DORSET.

Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 10, 1823.

FOLLOWING up my promise, I now address you upon the nature of that conduct on my part, which has made me a prisoner in your County Gaol these four years. You have heard, and will otherwise hear, enough of my treatment in this Gaol; and I shall only now say, that, as far as I have been concerned, I have no person, connected with the management of the Gaol, to thank for any one act of kindness offered to myself: but, I have seen much that makes them all really contemptible in my eyes. You, I know, have been accustomed to hear a deal of abuse of my person: and much declamation about my shocking opinions. But what will be your surprise, when I tell you, that *I am a little, plain, simple looking fellow, and that I hold no shocking opinions*; but that my opinions are all as simple and natural as the opinions of the lamb—and lambs have opinions, as well as you and me: though not about *spiritual things*, as the Vicar of Cerne sagely observes.

Well, but, Mr. Carlile, you will say, you do not believe in a God: you do not believe in Jesus Christ: you do not believe in the Holy Ghost and the Holy Trinity: you do not believe in Angels or Spirits: you do not believe in the Devil: you do not believe in Heaven or Hell and a future life of immortality: and what should we be, if we did not believe in all these things?

I answer: much better, much happier, than you now are: and here, bear in mind, that, whether you do or do not talk about believing in such things, your belief or disbelief makes not an atom of difference in the existence or non-existence of such things; nor are you at all affected as to your future

Printed and Published by R. Carlile, 84, Fleet Street.

condition by a talk about believing or not believing in such things. The truth of the whole matter is, that no person who ever existed believed in such things; for you can only believe, so as to be certain, in what you know; and here, I would have you put the question to yourselves: *do you know any thing about those supposed existences of which I do not talk about believing?*

Recollect, that I do not deny any thing *peremptorily* which another man asserts. Your Parsons come to me and say: Why, Mr. Carlile, I am sorry to hear that you do not believe in this, that, and the other things. My answer is: Sir, I am a very ignorant man, desirous of being instructed by your superior knowledge, be so good to sit down and teach me what you know as to the existence of those things, about which you express sorrow at my not comprehending. This request puzzles them, and a moment's reflection convinces them, that they know nothing out of their Bibles! Nothing out of their Bibles do they know about the spiritual things! Well then the validity of the Bible is the only thing to be considered. And here, I find that none of them have ever doubted its validity; but, as they were told to believe by their mothers or fathers, so they believe; and this is the only argument they have to offer for the validity of the Bible! I, being one of that sort of fellows, who do not like to be duped, do not like to be cheated, do not like to labour that others may enjoy in idleness what I produce, do not like that any man should be able to point his finger at me and say: *there goes a fool*: I have enquired, by what authority my mother made me read the Bible to her, say the catechism with my hands behind my back, kneel down whilst some person read prayers from a book, go to church and come home and tell her what text the Parson preached from. I enquired into all these things when I began to find out my own ignorance; and I found, that my mother could assign no good reason; but only thought it was proper, because she and others had been taught to do the same when they were children. Well! thought I, this is a very pretty matter that one half of the short space of life should be filled up in attending to expensive ceremonies which no one seems to know to be peremptory duties: I will go deeper into this subject: I will examine the Bible: I will compare the things there mentioned with the things that are now known to exist: I will ascertain who wrote this Bible, and for what purpose it was written. So I began to examine not only the Bible, but all the books I could find written against it; and by the

help of Volney, Paine, and a few others, I felt, that I had obtained new lights, and was just like a man born a second time, as Plato used to say, and as the Christians have borrowed and mystified from Plato! I begin to feel myself a new man! I rubbed my eyes, as if from a slumber, looked round and saw the world to be a very different thing to what I had before seen it to be; and that, the mass of mankind were moved about in the most gross state of ignorance, and made the slaves of a few that were the more cunning, though not much less ignorant.

I thought, that matters had gone on strangely: that Paine and others had written, and that all were not yet enlightened as I felt enlightened: and, on further enquiry, I found, that the mass of mankind were depraved by bad education and still worse example, and that they were too intent on the gratification of their passions, too idle, too careless, to think about seeking useful knowledge: some of them certainly harmless creatures, as harmless as sheep, but not less stupid, and these bore with content all the injuries that tyrannical ignorance could impose upon them. My resolve was, that I could do something to destroy this state of things, towards opening the eyes of others as I had opened my own; and, almost as soon as I had shewn my determination—a cry of *blasphemy* was raised by those who were interested in making shrines for the great Goddess Diana, and I was shut up in a prison!

In enquiring into the validity of the Bible, I had first to consider why it was called the word of God. On carefully perusing the book, I found it repeatedly stated, that the Lord said and did this, and that God said and did that; but I also found, that there was not the slightest pretension to truth in what was thus stated. I first began to enquire about a speaking and acting God. I saw that the Bible made him the image of the human species; and, on a little reflection, I found, that it was impossible that any such a God could have ever existed. I saw, that the writers of the Bible were wholly ignorant of the science of astronomy, that they did not know any-thing about the planetary motions or about the size, distance, and figures of those planets; and I saw, that they were continually talking about the ends and corners of the earth, which has no ends and corners! I saw, that the writers knew nothing about the inhabitants of the earth beyond those in their immediate neighbourhood: that they knew nothing about the ocean beyond that part which is called the Mediterranean Sea; and seeing and reflecting

upon all these things, I became convinced, *that there was no God, nothing superhuman, that had any thing to do with the production of this book.* I then turned to its historical character and to its antiquity. Instead of finding it the oldest book in existence, I found that the writings of Zoroaster, Hesiod, Homer, and many Chinese writings were much older; and that nothing was known of the Bible before the Jews returned from the Babylonish Captivity, or about five hundred years before the Christian era, or two thousand three hundred years from this time. I found, that the cosmogeny, or account of the creation, and the story about Adam and Eve, were wholly borrowed from similar tales among the Persians; and that it is believed by many, that the whole of the pretended history of the Jews, prior to the Persian Captivity, is nothing more than a Jewish version of some Persian writings. This enquiry corroborated my conviction, that all pretensions to their being superhuman writings was imposture, and that, instead of being divine, they were not even moral. Those parts which are moral are unquestionably pure Persian Writings, such as the books of Job, of Proverbs, and of Ecclesiastes. There is another striking feature in the Old Testament, and that is, that it says nothing about immortality or future life to mankind: which is, of itself, a proof of the want of connection and of the rotten foundation of the New Testament. For though you see the name of Christ repeatedly put at the head of a Chapter in the Old Testament, you should be informed, that this is the late work of Christians, and that there is no more allusion to Christ than to me, who am willing to be called the Anti-Christ.

Having said thus much in relation to that part of the Bible which is called the Old Testament, I will now add a few words upon that part which is called the New Testament.

The generality of you, Christians, who have had any means of enquiring into the origin of these books suppose that they were written and put together just after the time at which Jesus Christ is said to have lived: but this is wide of the fact; they were not written until one hundred years after, and were not put together as a book until three hundred years after that time. Just think about what was done a hundred years ago, and then think about what was done three hundred years ago. Ask yourself, who would believe a story heard for the first time a hundred years after it is said to have happened. And what was done in this country

three hundred years ago, is just as ancient, just as foreign, just as much a matter of indifference to us, as what was done three thousand years ago, and at three thousand miles distance.

The history of Christianity does not afford the slightest proof that such a person as Jesus Christ ever existed, nor that any such scenes as those which are described in the books called the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles ever happened in Judea. The earliest authentic trace of Christianity is to be found at Antioch, then a flourishing city in Asia Minor; and this an act of the Emperor Trajan of Rome, in sending Ignatius, the first known Christian leader, from the former to the latter city, in the beginning of the second century. Even this matter has been questioned: but Pliny, who acted as Proconsul under Trajan in or near Antioch, publicly recognizes the sect of Christians in a letter to Trajan, and expresses a knowledge that he, Trajan, had punished some of them at a former period. There is one clear fact, almost decisive of the question. Within the first century no one historian, no one public writer, no one Court of Justice, has left any record of the existence of such a sect as a sect of Christians. And bear in mind another fact; that the establishment of the supposed birth of Jesus Christ as an era did not take place until the city of Rome had become insignificant and about 600 years after the year one, from which we now date: the consequence of which is, that the chronological part of much of the early history of Christianity is purely conjectural.

These are matters, inhabitants of Dorset, which I trust you will feel no difficulty in comprehending. Your parsons will contradict me if I make false statements. If I do not, they will be silent as to what I say to you; but you may be assured they will become more active in their abuse of me: that will be one sign for you to know, that I am right and that they are wrong.

I trust, that, I have said enough to shake your hereditary faith and notions about the Bible, and if you want further information, I refer you to my catalogue of books on sale. I will stake my shop and shopmen against all the Gospel shops and all the Gospel preachers on the face of the earth.

There is another point on which it behoves me to give you information, and that is, to my seditious character. To Kings, Courtiers and Aristocrats, and their ignorant supporters, I am certainly, what St. Paul was to the theocratical Jews, *a most pestilent and seditious fellow*. If the

world is made up of such things as these; then do I desire to turn this world upside down.

I began my reforming career as a parliamentary reformer, and, I acknowledge, as a political revolutionist: for, all parliamentary reformers are political revolutionists, though many of them hypocritically talk about *reform without revolution*, that is, they talk about what they know nothing at all about. Reform is revolution, and revolution is reform: the manner and effect of working it round are other matters for consideration, and will vary with the characters of the actors and the persons acted upon. For instance: so bloody a revolution as that was in France will never occur in England: though it is very likely that one still more bloody may occur in Spain and Portugal. The difference arises from the difference in the aggregate knowledge of the people of England, and that of those of Spain and Portugal. It is knowledge alone which can soften the ferocity of mankind; and it is for this endeavour, from my desire to increase the knowledge of my countrymen, that I have been four years a prisoner in your Gaol, subject to the sneers, the insults, and the injuries of a set of ferocious brutes. This, inhabitants of Dorset, is my only crime, which, if you do not see, at present, you will see in a very short time.

Though, I think that any step towards parliamentary reform would be useful, I do not think it a subject worth wasting time upon, since, this and every other species of salutary reform must be the result of an increasing knowledge.

For instance: should you, at the next election of members of Parliament, determine to eject your old member, Pitt, for the mischief he has been incessantly doing by voting for all the mad projects of the ministers for the last fifty years, and return one who will promise to do what Mr. Portman has promised, and so have two of what may be called very moderate reformers, which means but *very moderately honest men*. You will have evinced, that you have improved your knowledge since the last general election. You will then go on, should your two new members not go with you, to find two a little keener at reform, a little more honest; and so on, until you have some radical Reformers for your representatives. This is the way the matter works, and all the powers that be, in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, cannot check its course.

Some of you will say: "But you are a Republican, Mr.

Carlike, you neither want Kings, nor Courtiers, Peers, nor Baronets, Knights nor Esquires." Well and what do you see wrong in this? Do you find any of these men produce any thing, either by the labour of their hands or heads? Do you find them fit for any thing but war? "Ah stop my good Sir, not so fast, cannot you see what money they spend to increase our labour, and to pay us for working." And harkee! My neighbours, cannot you see where all their money comes from? That is a question for your consideration. How do men, who evidently, avowedly, and boastedly, produce nothing, how do such men accumulate the largest fortunes and oppress those who produce every thing by their labour? Can you see how this is done? If you cannot, I will not tell you now, but leave to reflect upon the matter; as a little reflection will do you more good than open instruction without that reflection.

My reform, my republicanism, means, that I wish to have the very best laws, the very best magistrates, and the fewest taxes. When you see the matter as I do, you will be all republicans, excepting the parsons. I shall not be surprised to shake hands with your old representative, Squire Pitt, in the course of a few years, and hear him say: "Well, Mr. Carlile, I am sorry that we should have so shamefully treated you in our Gaol: but who would have thought that ever I should get to be a Republican in my old age: yet so it is!"

Inhabitants of Dorset: I hope to address you again, early, and often. I know that your good is my good, and that my good will be your good: so I ask you to reflect upon what I have said, and examine my principles. They are simple: and simplicity is the delight of your well-wisher.

RICHARD CARLILE.

TO WILLIAM MORTON PITT, ESQUIRE, OF
KINGSTON HOUSE, NEAR DORCHESTER,
VISITING MAGISTRATE FOR DORCHESTER
GAOL. M. P. FOR DORSET, &c. &c.

SIR,

Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 8, 1823.

I HAVE an account to settle with you and your worshipful brother magistrates, which I am about to state in as worshipful a manner as your conduct towards me warrants. I shall have

been four years in this Gaol, by the time this reaches your eye, and I have found my treatment, and the management of this Gaol made up of the most consummate weakness, meanness, and villany: whilst my only crime is, a want of hypocrisy, and an indisposition to bow to and to respect the power of such ignorant, paltry, and base men as you are. Two years out of the four, I have been locked up in a room because I would not submit to be ordered in and out at a certain hour by your direction: and for the other two years I did so submit, because, I would not, with you, be a party to the destruction of my wife and child. The matter is now coming to a crisis—*with me it is a matter of life and death*—and I have considered the time is now come, at which, it becomes an imperious duty in me to resist the tyranny which you and your brother magistrates wish to continue upon me: and, unless you change your conduct towards me, that resistance I am bent on making, at the end of this month, after I have tried all peaceable means of obtaining redress, and have failed. *I consider myself to be in the hands of a gang of assassins: and, as I told your Gaoler to his face, if I am to be destroyed, I will not go alone, if I can otherwise manage it. My last, at least, shall be an effort to rid the world of one villain; and such a villain as is a tyrant, and whom the law cannot at present reach. I will exhibit that in example which I have often taught by precept.*

And here, before I go any further, I will state all the good I know of you, and that *all is report*: for, certainly, an act of humanity from you has not come under my notice or hearing in this Gaol. I have heard that you are an excellent father, an excellent husband, an excellent friend where friendship is professed, and an excellent landlord. But with all these excellences, if true, you have not a spark of high-minded feeling or generosity towards an opponent. Your mind is as compressed in general judgment, as imbecile in action: you are a legislator; but you are a scandal to the legislature, corrupt as it is: you are a magistrate; but a scandal to the magistracy, impure as it is, at every point, and even at its fountain head. Fifty years, nearly, a member of Parliament for this county, there is no rotten borough member that has shown more servility to the minister of the day, whose aim was the disgrace of his country, than you have done. It is not known that you ever gave one independent vote, or one that was the result of your judgment: and, therefore, such a representative as you are, is not only a scandal even to the county of Dorset, benighted as it is,

but a legislature professedly representative, which has a majority of such men as you are, *is a greater curse to the country, than an absolute monarchy, where the monarch is a villain.*

I have also heard, that you are charitable to the poor: I often see your name down to charitable subscriptions: but you must be informed, that it is the conduct of such ignorant and imbecile men as you are which occasions the necessity of this relief to the poor. If the poor had a better legislature, they would soon find the means to live by their industry. Your charity is this:—you assist to make your neighbours poor and miserable; and then you claim a charitable consideration in relieving them with your superfluities. The disgrace to a legislature in having a nation of beggars cannot be covered by alms. It was no credit to the people of England to send three hundred thousand pounds to the perishing paupers of Ireland. It was a disgrace upon the people of England and their government, that there was such a mass of misery in Ireland to require such relief. And, if you had common sense to see the effect of your own conduct, you would see, that all you have done as a legislator has been to assist in generating such misery as that which abounds in Ireland; and not only in Ireland, but in England and many other places. My opinion of you, is, that you have no more notion of the bearing of any vote, which you give in the House of Commons, than has one of the horses which draws you from Dorchester to London.

The greatest tyrant, the most consummate villain that ever existed, has not been without one or more good qualities towards individuals, or a favoured few. A man in office may be a great tyrant, as far as his power goes, and a base public robber; yet he may carry the highest affections into the bosom of his family. Such a man was Castlereagh, and such has been the character of a majority of the ministers of this country, since what has been ludicrously called the glorious revolution. The lion, the tiger, the bear, and even the hyena, are not without affection for their offspring and companions. But this is not sufficient for a legislator or a magistrate. He who undertakes to fill a public office should not carry any bad passions into it. He should consider himself but as a servant in trust, and study nothing before the welfare of those for whose benefit he professedly acts.

My charge upon you will be an accusation of imbecility throughout your whole career and character: that you are so very ignorant, so very unfit for any public office, that no

other individual in the country, in similar offices, has done so great an amount of mischief as you have done.

From your subserviency to the minister of the day, you have been appointed one of the Committee to superintend the management of the Milbank Penitentiary; and by the late report of a parliamentary committee, it appears, that all the deaths, or rather, *all the murders*, I should say, which have lately occurred in that establishment, have been the result of the Committee's acting upon your injudicious and inhuman advice. You fancied, *that the prisoners were too well fed!* and you recommended, that they should be brought to the diet which was given to the prisoners in Dorchester Gaol! The differences of atmosphere, the characters confined, and the periods of their confinement, does not seem to have entered your head; and even, if it had, I shall shew you now, that the management of Dorchester Gaol has been far from creditable to you, or to any persons belonging to it; and that your economy has been of that narrow-minded species, which squanders a pound to save a shilling. It may be asked: how it is that I have been so long silent upon this subject. The fact is, that I have found it extremely difficult to get correct information as to the real management of this Gaol: and I have been only enabled to ascertain it by a series of hints, and comparisons upon those hints, which have accidentally fallen from those with whom I have come in contact. Conscious, that your conduct would not bear examination, or such a scrutiny as I should have been disposed to have given it, you have kept me locked up, and have forbidden all kinds of communication between me and the other prisoners. Conscious, that your own conduct would not bear examination, you have set a constant watch upon me that I might have no opportunity of watching you! This is the light in which I look at the manner of your locking me up so carefully!

The original diet for the prisoners in the Milbank Penitentiary appears to have been, for the males, one pound and half of bread per day. One pint of gruel or porridge for breakfast. For dinner, four days of the week, six ounces of coarse beef, half a pint of broth, one pound of potatoes: three days of the week, one quart of broth thickened with barley, rice, potatoes, or pease, with the addition of cabbages, turnips, and other cheap vegetables, and one pound of potatoes. For supper, one pint of gruel or porridge.—Salt and pepper as the committee may direct.—This, at least, averaged three pound of solid food per day, besides nourishing

liquids. The females seem to have been allowed one fourth less; but upon what fair ground I cannot see: as, to me it seems, that a female body has the same need of the same amount of nourishment as the male body. There is no more difference in appetite among the females than is to be found among the males. The stomachs and the gastric juices of some crave more food to satisfy their powers of consumption than those of others: but on the average of male and female, supposing them all similarly employed, the same amount of food is necessary. If women do eat less it is more the result of habit, than a physical result. However, the diet of the prisoners on the average was very fair, and such as was sufficient to keep a hard working man in health: and more than the average of hard working men get throughout the face of the earth.

But see your alteration! *One pound and half of bread per day—one pint of gruel, and one pint of soup!* Here was a cutting off at once of all animal food, except what the soup contained, all potatoes, all cabbages, all turnips, all rice, in fact, all those vegetables, which the situation of the persons confined seemed so much to require, to counteract the effects of scurvy. Here at once, and without any other consideration than that you punished the inmates of Dorchester Gaol in a similar manner, you reduced the quantity of food more than half; the result of which has been, the destruction of near one hundred persons—murdered, actually starved to death, by an acting upon your suggestions! You deserve not only to be kicked out of all office, but out of all society. Even, if the first allowance of food had been too much, who, but an imbecile, thoughtless animal, would have lessened it by one half at once; and that, by the destruction of the prisoners, apparently, at the approach of the last winter. And even of this small altered allowance, you made a deduction for the females!—

Now, for Dorchester Gaol. Bad as this altered diet was in the Penitentiary, it was superior to what the prisoners in Dorchester Gaol get. By the rules and regulations for this Gaol signed by Judges Wood and Bailey in 1810; it was ordered: that, *the general allowance of food shall consist of one pound and a half of bread, or of one pound of bread, and a proportional quantity of vegetables, together with two full pints of thick nourishing soup daily. The bread shall be of the quality usually made in the prison, and shall be delivered out at breakfast time, and first to the working prisoners. The vegetables, if any, at the hour of leaving off*

work. The soup shall either be made WITHOUT MEAT, or be obtained from bones, by means of the digester, or from coarse meat, as may be directed by the Visiting Justices, and shall be thickened with pease, oatmeal, barley, rice, or otherwise, as may be ordered; and shall be delivered out, one half at breakfast time, and the other half at the hour of leaving off work. The soup and vegetables shall always be served out hot.

A certain proportion of the soup meat, may (if the Visiting Justices think proper) be distributed to such working prisoners as they may deem deserving of it, or to the sick or convalescents.

The Rules and Regulations were thrown upon the shelf long before I came to the Gaol; nor has the food of the prisoners corresponded with what was here laid down, scanty as it was!

When I came to the Gaol, in 1819, there were but two turnkeys and one matron, and these, instead of having decent salaries, so as to prevent any occasion for their taxing the prisoners, had, and I believe still have, but mere nominal wages, and are, consequently, encouraged to tax the prisoners at discretion. This is another of your honest and saving plans! Your penny wise and pound foolish plans! The Gaoler, of this Gaol, had, at that time, £312 per year; and out of that sum he had to pay all the officers of the Gaol, or two turnkeys, matron, and clerk. To each of these turnkeys, he paid fourteen shillings per week; and the matron *had a whole five shillings weekly!* In consequence of filling this *five shilling weekly office* she has to keep a servant to look after her own children; and I engage to say, that this servant costs her seven or eight shillings weekly! Now, Mr. Visiting Justice! Mr. Member of Parliament! Mr. Gaol Manager! have you got sense enough to calculate arithmetically, the matron's loss or gain, if she had no profits but her wages?

Do not say that this is a new consideration to you, that you have heard nothing of the case before: you have heard the case: you examined the matron five years ago, as to her wages, expressed your surprise at their smallness, but you either did not see, or did not care, who made up the deficiency! Here is a clear case, in which you openly encourage the turnkeys and the matron of this Gaol, which is comparatively speaking completely in your hands, to prey upon the prisoners. They also say, that, if their wages were all they had to look to, the place would not be worth their notice.

It was my full intention to have laid this statement before the Magistrates at the last Quarter Sessions; but, a circumstance occurring at the moment, in which the matron deceived me by a falsehood and gave me great displeasure, induced me to abstain, lest the matter should wear the appearance of personal pique towards her. Towards the servants of the Gaol I have no personal pique; for, with the exception of a few falsehoods in which they have been encouraged by the Gaoler at least, if not by you also, I have seen them do nothing, but I should have done myself under similar circumstances. My intention was to have introduced the matter to the notice of the Magistrates; because, I saw, that the new act for regulating Gaols orders them to fix the wages of the turnkeys and matrons at a proper remuneration. It is you, and your conduct, that I attack, with that of your Gaoler, and not that of the servants of the prison. I am always in pursuit of that game which is commonly called *noble*, though by me, *ignoble*. It is for such little narrow-minded men as you, to punish the little thieves; I shall look after you, and the rest of those who encourage theft by wholesale.

The food of the prisoners in this Gaol, since I have been here, has been, *a loaf every other day and hot soup every day, and only once a day, at twelve o'clock*. With the exception of a pound of beef and potatoes on Christmas-day, this is the whole of the Gaol allowance. The bread is sometimes good, and sometimes bad, according as the corn runs, or as the baking is managed. These turnkeys at fourteen shillings per week, have to lock up and unlock all the prisoners, bring in all provisions, do all errands, make the dough and bake the bread, cut up and salt the Gaoler's pigs, catch and kill his pigeons, with many other menial matters; and a prisoner, situated as I am, can get nothing done in cleaning or cooking, but by these jacks of all work: they have also had, when I have chosen to go out, to attend me in my hourly walks, though an extra hand has been taken on for that purpose: that is, *so to watch me that I may not watch you*. *You will understand me well, Mr. Pitt.*

The loaf is stated to be three pounds for the two days; but from the baking, and the meal being made up just as it comes from the mill, it looks but a mere dumpling, and is about the size of a Baker's Half Quarten. I have heard the turnkeys say, that some of the men will eat the whole at one meal, and then, for the next two days, till another comes *be ready to eat each other*. I have seen boys and

other prisoners begging bread from the debtors, just as if they were in a state of starvation; and I am sure, that, had the atmosphere of Dorchester Gaol been similar to the atmosphere of the Milbank Penitentiary, the prisoners, under their late and present diet, would have rotted like sheep in bad seasons.

The soup, I understand, after much complaint, has lately, been improved; for, it used to be perfect pig's meat, and such as some well-fed pigs will not touch. One day it used to be made of black pig's peas, the other of barley; and I have heard it said, and know it to be a fact, *that the women, on coming to the Gaol, loathe it until they are in a state of starvation: and that those who can even get potatoes will never touch it.* Was not the Gaol particularly well situated for soil and air, a chalk soil and open in its front to a fine country air, with but a fifteen feet walk on the side of a hill, the consequences of the diet would be felt just as they were felt in the Penitentiary. Here is no gruel, no vegetables allowed, and the soup is the only hot food delivered. The quantity of soup to each prisoner, I could never ascertain; but I have reasons to think, that there is no measurement; that so many buckets are put into a yard, and that the prisoners get more or less according to their number.

Bear in mind, that my accusation against you is that of imbecility and meanness in general, and of villany towards me individually. You never were qualified for any office, and never ought to have aspired to any thing of the kind. In this Gaol, you are completely an object for ridicule to all the persons in it; and though, it is altogether your hobby, and by building up and pulling down, altering and re altering, you waste about five hundred pounds a year out of the county rates, and keep the whole building in confusion, you do nothing but add evil to evil; and every day unfolds to you yesterday's folly.

You foster a Gaoler who is made up of every bad passion; and who, to your knowledge, has, comparatively committed every crime in this Gaol, for which Bridle, was expelled from Ilchester. You know, that he was singularly cruel and depraved as a youth; and that his only absence from the Gaol was to be a participator in the cruelties practised in Ireland, under the Secretaryship of Castlereagh. And though he states himself to me to be a cipher in the management of the Gaol, I have no doubt, but you find him quite delighted to enforce your orders, in regard to the treatment I receive, if not active in the recommendation of them.

You, Mr. Pitt, have got a young wife, and by some means or other, are getting a young family, and n.y advice to you is, that you relinquish all public offices; and, with Watts's Hymns in your hand, "spectacles on nose," "sans teeth," "sans every thing," sit at home, rock the cradle, and sing:

I.

Hush, my dears, lie still and slumber,
Your HOARY PAPA guards your bed,
Thinking to increase your number,
Though to age he has long been wed!

II.

Full fifty years has he, purblind,
Trodden the path Corruption forms;
But further jeers has now declined,
To lull your little baby storms.

III.

The world grows wise, whilst he grows weak,
His borrowed customs they despise;
So cradle friendship he will seek
With you, who cannot yet advise.

VI.

Hush! babies, hush! lie and slumber
Hush! hush! hush! hush! and be not cross;
No more he'll seek division's number,
Nor smile at opposition's loss.

V.

Your little charms, he will cherish,
And all the cares of office quit;
When such men as Carlile flourish,
It is not the time for William Pitt!

VI.

My eloquence has been—"Hear! Hear!"
No other language could I pour,
With "aye," and "no" scarce uttered clear
In Stephen's vault I've sat my hour.

VII.

In Dorset's Gaol long have I reigned,
The master cock of that foul walk;
I've crowed and chuckled as I deigned,
Each Carlile's wish and move to baulk.

VIII.

The world begins to shew its frown,
I find that I have lived my hour;
From "Hear!" to "Hush!" I must come down,
And languish with my fair Seymour.

IX.

Then Hush! my babes, be not alarmed,
Your Papa quits his public life;
To nurse you dears, and to be charmed
With virile thoughts of his dear wife.

THE END.

Pardon my poetic vein: when I tell you that it never pleases myself, I hope it will not displease you. This is but a beginning of my addresses to you and other magistrates of this county. I have borne your sneers, your insults, and your injuries, for four years, with manly fortitude; and now for the wholesome purpose of making you and some of your neighbours wiser, I am about to retaliate.

You will do well to think of all I have here written you. You will do well to think seriously about the cause and consequence of keeping me so closely locked up from the open air. You will do well to reflect upon all the mischief in which your officious ignorance has made you a participator. You may see that all your pretensions of supporting those, who were carrying on wars to preserve the country from anarchy and infidelity, has been but one consummate piece of wickedness; and that those very allies with whom, and for whom you have professedly carried on war, are now become by far the greater enemies than Buonaparte could have been. You will soon see, that you have set up those very allies upon a load of debt in this country, for no other purpose than to teach them to scoff at the imbecility with which you, and such as you, have covered the whole Government; in fact, the whole country. You will do well to reflect upon what I have said to you, about your management of this Gaol: and above all, you will do well, you will do the greatest amount of good within your power to do, to retire from all office, and sit at home musing upon the Cradle Hymn, which I have composed for you, until you can sing it from memory.

RICHARD CARLILE.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR SIR, London, Sept. 28, 1823.
You request my opinion respecting what you call "the human soul." If I were asked, whether I believed that the human animal has superadded to his natural organization an immaterial something, indescribable, yet possessing within itself a conscious identity, which will continue to exist and possess the same conscious identity when the animal frame to which it is now attached shall become disorganized and decomposed, I should immediately answer: No. This, I perceive, to be the nature of your question though the answer simply given in the negative will not be satisfactory. I will, therefore, as briefly as possible, proceed to assign some few reasons for the opinion thus stated.

In the first place, let us consider what man is. He has been defined to be a living, feeling, thinking, active being. This definition can only apply to the living body, as we say, a *dead body* and not a *dead man*, in common conversation.

The senses are necessary to constitute that consciousness, that identity, which is the question under consideration. The eyes furnish us with ideas of colour, shape, proportion, distance: the ears with the varieties of sound producing different ideas according to the vibration upon the tympan of the ear; in consequence of the action of other bodies upon each other the palate enables us to judge of the quality of the nutriment during the process of mastication and drinking; the olfactory nerves, for smelling, by which means we are enabled to judge of the state of the atmosphere in which we move, and these avoid pestilential contagion; and the sense of touch, or feeling, to which it has been said all the other senses might be reduced, enabling us to judge of the specific gravity of bodies, their texture and quality, as hard, soft, smooth, rough, &c.

Let us reverse the scene and suppose the senses to be gradually taken away. The eyes destroyed, and the man blind, all ideas of light, colour, distance, vanish: it is one and the same thing to him whether he be in a dark or a light place; whether the objects by which he is surrounded be white or black; whether he be on the brink of a precipice, or on a level plane; whether it be day or night, the light yields him no advantage; colours, with all their gay variety of lustre and beauty, present to him no choice; the sense of danger is equally powerful on the plain as on the brink of the precipice; noon-day light yields him no consolation; one dark night on him has thrown its sable curtain; and the mind exist, possessing only four instead of five parts or senses. Thus the mind, which is all that is meant by soul, is seen to require five parts to be complete, and has lost one.

Destroy the ear and let the man become deaf: the birds may pour forth their melodious song, the viol, the harp, and the timbrel, may be sounded in consort and harmony, the sweet and melodious voice of lovely woman; the oath of the assassin, the bleating of the lamb, the roar of the lion, the murmuring rill, and the impetuous rush of the cataract; the rough, blustering, and haughty voice of the despotic tyrant, and the mild, gentle, elegant and fascinating voice of eloquence are vain to him: the one yields him no charms, produces no pleasurable sensations; the other causes no dread, no notice to him of danger; there is a mighty chasm; there is a blank; there exists but three parts of a soul.

Next destroy the palate; taste thus gone, the pear, the plum, the peach, the grape, &c., are as regards all idea or flavour one and the same thing: the varieties of fish, flesh, and fowl; sweet or sour, fresh or rotten, are not yet known by any different sensations; their flavours not estimated; the aliments which pass through for the nourishment of the body seem but to feed the motion of an insensate machine.

There are but two parts of the soul left, it can now only feel and smell! And is this man, proud man, superior man? Two more senses only! Deprive him of these and all is over.

Smelling, the irritation produced on the delicate membrane by which the interior of the nostrils is covered, let this be destroyed, and the rose, and honeysuckle, the carnation, and geranium, the lavender, and the rosemary, with all their various families may join the impalpable corpuscles that emanate from their odorous bodies and produce no sensation! The flowers may bloom in the spring, he may inhale the atmosphere, embalmed with fragrance, yet he knows it not: the contagion of pestilential disease may fill the air which should refresh and invigorate the frame; death may seize his very vitals, ere he can be aware of it.

We see the man now existing but with one sense, exposed to every danger, with but one means of knowing it, the sense of feeling! Deprive himself of this and all is over! Fire and water, earth and air, hard, soft, rough, and smooth, all—all is to him a blank! It matters not what may be the constituent parts, *there can be no personal consciousness or identity independent of the senses!*

I have thus separately considered the loss of the senses, to shew more plainly the effects: I have said that the mind of man is the soul of man; that the *mind is formed by the perception of sensation, produced by the impression of external objects: every sensation is the shock given to the organs, every perception is this shock propagated to the brain, and throughout the frame: every idea is the image of the object to which the sensation and the perception is to be ascribed.* Hence it will be seen, that if the senses be not moved there can neither be sensation nor perception, nay, ideas.

I might have considered more fully the effects consequent on the gradual loss of the senses, but it is evident, from the closest

observation, that the powers of the mind decline with those of the body. If we notice a man in the winter of his days, bending with age and infirmity, with every corporeal faculty falling to decay, and his almost sapless trunk withering like the tree of the forest, we cannot but observe the intellectual feebleness which seems consequent on such decay of the bodily powers; and this is particularly evident where a robust constitution has protracted an existence to four or five score years, and where the animal frame has not sunk in early life under some powerful disease. Every appearance, observable by us, favours the idea of a mortality of mind as well as of body, and this is so palpable, that I think all reasoning in support of its immortality is quite inconclusive. Wollaston, in his religion of nature delineated, arguing for the immateriality of the soul, says: "If *all* matter be cogitative, thinking must be the essence and definition of it. If it be essential to matter, it must have thought in times past, and must always continue to think. Again, if thinking be essential to matter, every part of matter must think, and a system of material parts would be a system of things conscious, every one by itself, of its own existence and individuality, but there could be no one act of self-consciousness, or thought common to the whole. Juxtaposition could add nothing.

"The *accidents* of matter are so from being made *by any power* to produce cogitation, that some *even of them* shew it incapable of having a faculty of thinking superadded. The very divisibility of it does this."

This is evidently an ill founded conclusion. The faculty of vision is superadded to matter; this faculty is even communicated to two distinct parts of the human frame, yet its operation is single. I have introduced this from Wollaston, because I have heard it contended that it is conclusive on the subject: to me it appears the reverse.

Warburton in his "Defence of the Divine Legation of Moses" has shewn that the Jews formerly entertained no such opinion as immortality*. Their sacred books which the following selections shew, evidently contradict any such notion. Your fathers where are they? And the prophets do they live for ever†? (His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth: in that very day his thoughts perish‡. For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again§.)

Yours, respectfully,

EDWARD HENMAN.

* This is admitted, (says Ensor) although unwillingly, by Tillotson and Wilkins; and candidly by Le Clercq and Geddes.

† Zechariah, chap. i. ver. 5.

‡ Psalm cxlvi. ver. 4.

§ Ecclesiastes, chap. iii. ver. 19, 20.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

Nov. 3, 1823.

If you will insert the following corrections in the next number of your "Republican," you will particularly oblige me.

In No. 17, Vol. VIII. of "The Republican," in a letter signed J. E. C.

Page 519, line 8, from bottom, for then, read *though*.

520, line 5, from bottom, for Asiatic, read *Arctic*.

521, line 16, from top, for is, read *has*.

— line 12, from bottom, for now, read *new*.

523, line 12, and 13 from top, for, hence all the attributes of such beings are easily deduced, read, *hence are all the attributes of such Being easily deduced*.

SIR,

I CANNOT avoid the opportunity, to make two or three observations on your note, public or private, as you may think proper. In the first place let me observe, and I hope without offence, that though I did not expect you to deliver up the Castle of Atheism at discretion, I did not expect that when driven from your material citadel, you would have taken refuge in your subterranean passages, recesses and gloomy caverns of security. I did not know that I had entered into any compact, whereby I was bound to dissect or analyze intellect, or tell you what it was, I thought it sufficient, to shew it was a real existence however generated, composed or produced; a self-moving power and free, within a certain circle, and which if no circle or restraint existed would be infinite, in short, I thought it sufficient to shew it, and develope its source, without exhibiting its component parts; perhaps some superior genius may arise that may decompose intellect, and sound as well as light, but light is light, and intellect will be intellect, and sound will be sound: light is still no more than useful, intellect will be no more than very valuable, and sound can be composed into nothing more agreeable than music. The microscope will shew the veins and fibres of the oak, but it will add nothing to its strength.

In the next place, I have to say, your organ and your piano-forte are not so much out of tune, as perhaps you imagine. You say 'we see intellect, but we cannot see how the organ is produced which produces the intellect.' This tells to proof, you should have been the last to have said thus much*. Not mine:

* I beg pardon of J. E. C. I am not disposed to withhold an atom of truth for the sake of a system of words. I do not talk about God. Let J. E. C. exhibit his.

but your God remember is matter, there is nothing in existence but matter, intellect is matter. Ergo: Intellect is your God, there is no difficulty: the only difficulty is in reconciling your God with my God, you do not know how your God acts, nor I mine; but you set some value on intellect; I say it is the master key, the power of powers, or only power; where there is nothing to oppose, intellect must exercise sovereignty*, must be superior to that which is inert, the laws of all nature could be sooner reversed than this position; and this position so simple, once acknowledged, all I ask flows from it, for this intelligent or intellectual power, being uncontrolled, can exhibit his powers, or proportions of his power, by what means or process, or for what duration he pleases. What is there to say to an all-powerful intellectual being†, thou shalt not be intelligent, till thou hast assumed a mortal form, or caused thyself to emanate from an organic structure, what is to say to him, this or that is essential to thee and thou canst not alter it. Thus whatever formed this organic structure, possessed all the powers with which it is endued, and could have exhibited them by other means; thus all you can say amounts to this, he cannot work a contradiction, he cannot make any thing to exist and not exist at the same time, but he appoints certain means to which the existence of those things are attached, but we know nothing of their connection but by experience. Thus, Sir, one sound is attached to, or produced, if you please, by your organ, another by your piano-forte, and neither of them will sound in vacuo; this does not surprise you because it is known and common, but if you were to go a thousand miles from land, or say mid-way on the Pacific Ocean, and was to hear your organ or your piano-forte, you would indeed be surprised: but if it had been always heard there, it would be ranked only among the common occurrences not yet accounted for, divested of the terrors and destruction accompanying the volcano, the earthquake, and the tornado. We should seek for, or expect there was, a cause certainly, as well as there must be for these and the attraction of gravity; but experience alone must guide us to it, we cannot infer what any secondary cause must be, from an effect, and though we can often discover by such inference what it is, yet we know of no means essential to the end, beyond abstract quantity and number. Thus the first cause can only be known by his works, but his works having made us acquainted with intellect, we recognize it as the highest possible or only active or actual power, for as I have before said, that which has it not must be a passive, that which has it limited, must be a subject.

Here, Sir, I meant to close, but recollecting you have said in your note "Let J. E. C. prove that non-intellectual power can-

* What is intellect? I shall keep you to that question until you answer.
† Give proof of such a being and then argue about its attributes.

not produce the organs of intellect." Though I think I have sufficiently done this, yet for the sake of good manners, I will repeat, that if non-intellectual power could produce intellect, it would be no longer non-intellectual.

All property produced belongs to the producer: but you are still thinking of the music and the musician, you do not keep the property together, if you had the art to make the instrument and the musician and compose the music, you would be neither music, musician, nor instrument, but you must necessarily possess the power of all.

With respect to your echo, Sir, in my humble opinion, I think, that is not in point, or if it is, it makes a point against you. You, I humbly conceive, compare an echo to intellect, why, that is spiritualizing it beyond spirit, whereas, you say it is material. I conclude by saying, I trust that temperate discussion will never alter the respect and consideration of

Your humble Servant,

J. E. C.

To Mr. Carlile.

P. S. I think on reperusing this it can do no harm at least, if you can afford it a place in your Republican.

Note.—Before I proceed further: I call upon J. E. C. to say what he means by *Atheism*: as this is a word to which different men attach different ideas. I understand, that he is as much of an Atheist to me as I am to him. I want him to write about *things* and not about *words* which have no known relation to *things*. All he says about "subterranean passages, recesses and gloomy cavern of security," is to me quite unintelligible. In fact, without meaning to offend, I must say, that to the major part of his sentences I cannot attach an idea. This may be the result of my stupidity: for, I acknowledge that all kinds of "spiritual things" are "repugnant to my notions." His answer about *intellect* does not increase my knowledge; nor can I see upon what his ideas of that word rest.

Respecting the echo. I introduced it as a specimen of music or sound resulting from an arrangement of material substances, and an action of the agitated air upon those substances. I meant it as an example of the fallacy of talking about spirits or fancied intellectual powers, since we now know its cause and can create echoes at discretion; whereas, our ancestors knew not but this too was a *spiritual intellectual and mimicking being!*

J. E. C. evidently shrinks from an examination of his own words, he is not pleased at being asked "What is intellect." But I see no other means of convincing him of the fallacy of his present notions, but to call upon him for proofs and explanations upon all the undefined words that he uses. In his attempts to find out what he means by *Atheist* and *Intellect*, he will, perhaps, learn that he can attach no tangible meaning to them; that they are words used by mere sufferance.

I introduce some extracts of a letter I have just received from a London Friend, which I expect will induce J. E. C. to take a metaphysical journey on a new road,

Oct. 21, 1823.

I HAVE a curious anecdote to relate to you, shewing the progress of Infidel opinions. A Lady, a friend of mine, not the Lady of whom you have before heard, but another very extraordinary woman, of great acquirements and singular wisdom, this Lady has ONE CHILD, she has a young woman whose business it is to look after the child. When this young woman first came into the family, she requested time might be allowed her to go to church once on each Sunday. An arrangement was of course made, and she went regularly to church. During the summer, my friend took a small place in the country, and while there she observed that her nurse-maid did not go to church. One day she said to her: I observe that you have not been to church since we have been in the country, how is that? The servant laughed, and said: Oh! Ma'am! I do not care for going to church so as I used to do. Why? My father has shewn me that it is absurd. Your Father? Oh yes! he has convinced me that all religion is an imposition on the understanding. Well, what is your father? My father keeps a small respectable public house in ——— Street, and once a week, a number of his neighbours assemble as a club, not to drink much, but to read and discuss, they have a great many books, and they are none of them Christians; I really believe that, vast numbers of the working people are leaving off being Christians.

I thought this anecdote too characteristic of the time to withhold it from you.

The parson who visited you was weakness itself, this he was sure to be, if you kept him to his proofs. All the proofs lies with them; all any one has to do is, to confess his ignorance, to say he has not the evidence necessary to establish the points he is called upon to believe, and then he at once poses the parson. A man, who attempts to shew what by reason cannot be shewn, must be always weak, just as you yourself are, when you explain to Mrs. Fry how intellect is produced.

"We do not say that any kind of matter thinks, but we say that it is the *organization* that the matter feeds, *that thinks*." Now I can conceive nothing more vague, inconclusive, nonsensical, and superstitious than this, *your creed*. Matter cannot think; this includes two assumptions, neither of which can be proved. "*Organization thinks*." Organization is a word which means construction, a putting together of parts or pieces. As you have here used it, an assemblage of various things constituting one general thing, call it a man, and then it means having brought together the several parts which compose him—that is, mind; a *general term*, by which we are given to understand, that a man is not an homogeneous mass, but consists of parts. Organization is then a word which designates *no thing*. It is then merely a word, and now comes the question, can a word think, can *organization* think. You will say no, that is, you will say no, if you shake yourself, and look again at the words as you have printed them. I can find, any one can find, as good *words* to make a soul of as you can find to account for the production of intellect. When you are wise enough to know how much you really do know, and how much you do not know, your propensity to account for many things will leave you, and you will then cease to mislead others. I can see clearly what it was that led you to account for thought. It is your notion of cause and effect. This you do not understand. You suppose there is a connection between what you call a cause, and its effect. Whether there be a connection or not is what we can never know, what we know is this, a circumstance occurs, which is followed by another circumstance, and this being often repeated, we *conclude* that it will always be so: that is, we *infer* so; why it should be so we do not know; all we know is, the result, whence our inference. Why, what we call a cause, should produce what we call an effect, we do not know, because we do not know the connection between what we call the cause and the effect. Thus you see that we only substitute a word, and nothing but a word, when we talk of cause and effect. I will that my arm shall rise, and it does rise. Do I know the cause, no, not I, do I know of any connection between my will and the action, not I, indeed. What then do I know, nothing, as to cause and effect? Nothing. I infer the one from the other, all I know is the inference. And for all purposes that are useful this is sufficient. The *why* and the *wherefore* is of no importance, and if there be a *why* and a *wherefore* it is undiscoverable. You will think of this but will not conclude that I am correct, perhaps you may not clearly comprehend me; but, if you think and re-think, you will, in time, convince yourself that you do not know, one thing, and that you can only know another thing, and you will cease to use words which do not convey ideas. "*Organization thinks*," can convey no idea. Some part of the letter to Mrs. Fry are excellent. But the introductory part is weak. Your correspondent

J. E. C. will never find that "intellect is the result of organization,"—any more than you will find his almighty power; both are inferences, incapable of proof, the one as much as the other. But observe: in your letter to Mrs. Fry, you say, "*Organization thinks*"—in your note to J. E. C. you say, intellect (thought) is the result of organization. This I am sure is not by any means clear to yourself, even in the mode of expressing it. My object cannot be mistaken by you. It is to make you strong, that you may be permanently useful. You will not, I am sure, take my *ipse dixit* for any thing; but will reason the matter for yourself and make your conclusions your own.

LAMENTATION FOR SPAIN!

Oh! weep my muse! nor let thy tears be restrained. The heroes who have fallen in defence of the liberties of mankind deserve thy warmest sympathies. Spain, the land where freedom had planted her sacred banner, is overrun by despotic hordes. Spain, on which was placed our most sanguine expectations, is again under the dominion of tyrants and priests! Spain, where the rights of man had begun to be respected, is again to be tyrannized over by an Holy Inquisition; and brutalized by an occasional *Auto da fe*! Those who have not fallen in the contest, must, to escape the fate that would otherwise await them, exile themselves, and leave their country degraded, demoralized, and a prey to every thing that is base, rapacious, and tyrannical. Those who have been unfortunate enough to fall into their enemies power, must suffer a cruel and agonizing death; to glut the blood-thirsty disposition of the petticoat-making monster; that most contemptible thing Ferdinand; the man, who of all that was ever heard of, best deserves to be "painted upon a pole, and under-written, 'here you may see the tyrant.'"

The illustrious RIEGO, the friend of mankind, the assertor of his country's rights, the author of that glorious revolution, which we had considered as the beginning of a new era in the annals of the world, he, he too must become a victim to ignorance and intolerance, under the specious pretext of consolidating the interests of the altar and the throne! Detestable words! May they speedily be erased from the vocabulary of mankind: for they, with others of the same tendency, have been the cause of all the misery, rapine, and devastation, that have depopulated the globe. He, too, must die, to satiate the brutal appetites of those fell destroyers of the happiness of the human race; those villains, who think that man is made for their pleasures, to be their slaves, to do their will, and to receive in return all that malevolence, joined to the most

degrading ignorance, can inflict. We mourn over his fate, but shall he die unrevenged? Will tyranny always be triumphant? Must knowledge always submit to ignorance? Shall slavery always be the lot of mankind? Surely not: his death shall be revenged: the principles of liberty have taken deep root in the minds of many who will not, cannot, forget them; and at the first opportunity they will call to a severe account, all those who have sported with the lives and liberties of their fellow-creatures.

ANTI-MENDAX.

November 8, 1823.

ANECDOTE OF GALILEO.

GALILEO, the astronomer, being cited before the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition and made to abjure his doctrine of the Copernican, or true system of the world, after going through the forced ceremony, indignant at the humiliating concession he had been compelled to make, stamped his foot upon the earth, saying, "*It moves notwithstanding.*"

Note—This anecdote of Galileo, whether true or not, conveys a great moral lesson. It may teach us that however we may dispute about words, about opinions, about metaphysical and religious systems; however we may hate and persecute each other for a difference in opinions; our disputes, our hatreds, and our persecutions, will not change one physical fact. Every thing remains as before: and though we disturb ourselves by our ignorance and folly, to dispute about what we do not understand, we cannot alter the motion of a fly that may be out of our reach. Man is certainly the most contemptible of all existing things, and is a mass of contradictions in himself. Under the pretence of avenging some power which he cannot define, and under the pretence of worshipping that power, he outrages it by persecuting those who do not say and do the same words and actions as himself! If he be grossly ignorant, he fancies that it is the will of almighty power, that all should be of his stamp! If he be weak in body, he fancies that the strength and vigour of others is the result of evil passions! In short, the visionary, ignorant fanatic, lives but as an element of perpetual hostility! the very curse of his species and of every other animal!

It is a charge upon the Anti-Christian, that he would de-

prive the Christian of the hope of immortal life. The Christian cannot see that the hope is no proof of the reality; and whether he holds the hope or not, the reality will be the same. The Anti-Christian does not seek to deprive the Christian of his morality; therefore, it is clear, that he does not seek to deprive him of any thing valuable. The Anti-Christian desires to increase the morality of the Christian; and, in so doing, he certainly, the better qualifies him to enjoy it, if there is to be an immortal life. But Christians will not reason with us nor with themselves. To *believe or be damned* is their motto; and though they know not what to believe, nor where to be damned, they damn themselves about their belief, and continually believe that they are damned, because they cannot believe; and that they do believe because they do not like to be damned! Such is a Christian! who would not be

ANTI-CHRIST?

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. CARLILE AND THE LAWYERS.

TO CHIEF JUSTICE ABBOTT.

MY LORD, Dorchester Gaol, June 12, 1823.
As a prisoner, under the sentence of that Court of which you were and are the Chief Justice; I address you to ask for that justice, which, I find, after sixteen months trial, I cannot otherwise obtain through the medium of any persons officially connected with the law.

Early in the last year, I saw the necessity of pressing some kind of settlement with respect to the property seized by the Sheriffs, under your writ of *Levavi Facias* in 1819, and carried off from my premises in Fleet Street in the 24th of December of that year; that I might know the real state of the fines imposed upon me, before the expiration of my sentence of imprisonment on the 16th day of November last. As soon as I found an attorney to act, my instructions were plainly and decidedly to force the Sheriff to sell or to return such property as he had removed from my premises, as what appeared to me to be the only clear and right way of proceeding in the matter at issue. In pursuance of these instructions, Mr. Henry Cooper, after what appeared to me an unaccountable delay of a term, made a motion and obtained

a rule, calling upon the Sheriffs to shew cause. This rule was no sooner obtained than dropped, and an action instituted against the surviving Sheriff (Parkins), without any consultation with me. I do not question the motives of those who were acting for me, they might have been and likely were of the most honourable kind; and, under that impression I was silent; though their proceedings and my views of right certainly clashed; and, I acknowledge, that I did not complain, because I would not take any wrong or rash interposing step: your Lordship knowing well, that a lawyer, in the judgment of his client, always claims an infallibility.

The result of the action left me in a worse state than before. My three years imprisonment had expired, and my affairs with the Sheriff seemed more inextricable than ever. This action was tried after last Michaelmas Term. I fully intended to renew my motion for sale or return of the property in Hilary Term last. Before the term commenced, a large proportion of the property was announced for sale: that sale was deferred, and a smaller proportion, or a very small part of the whole, was announced for another day, which, I am informed, occurred on the 29th of January.

After obtaining the particulars, I had no time to do any thing in Hilary Term, and then fully determined not to lose the Easter Term. I renewed my correspondence with those who had acted for me before, and was promised attention; but I found the Term pass. I concluded, that the neglect arose from the circumstance, that any motion made in the Court of King's Bench would tend to alter the facts of a statement that had been prepared in a petition to the House of Commons: this was another inducement to be silent, or not to press the subject.

The petition was presented on the 8th ultimo, and I immediately resolved not to lose the Trinity Term, which is now passing. I pressed the subject again on the party who has acted for me throughout, and this day's post has brought me a letter to say, that it must stand over for the next term, which sounds to me like another sentence of six months imprisonment, and is a very harsh sound to my ears, after a nervous injury accumulating throughout a period of more than forty months imprisonment.

Now, here I find myself in prison, left to do the best I can for myself, like the farmer and his son in the fable of the larks! Profiting by that admirable lesson, I have resolved to trouble your Lordship with a letter as my last resource, to ask for that justice which I cannot otherwise obtain—that

you will be pleased to issue a writ of Habeas Corpus to bring me into the Court of King's Bench in person, within the present term, that I may make such motion as shall prevent the writ of Levavi facias, issued from the Court of King's Bench, on my property, and consequently, my imprisonment, from being an interminable affair.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

RICHARD CARLILE.

To the Right Honourable Sir

Charles Abbott, Knt. Lord

Chief Justice of the Court of

King's Bench Westminster.

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR, Court of King's Bench, June 14, 1823.

I AM directed by the Judges of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, to inform you, that they have conferred upon the subject of your letter, addressed to the Lord Chief Justice, dated 12th of June, and are of opinion that they cannot act upon it in the way therein pointed out.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

PERE DEALTRY.

Secondary on the Crown side of the Court of King's Bench.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, August 26, 1823.

ARE there any means by which the unsold part of my stock, seized by the Sheriff on behalf of the Crown, can be disposed of without application to the Court of King's Bench in term? Understanding, that there is no idea of sale on the part of the Crown, or the Sheriff, would it not be better to return it to me, than to let it lie where it now lies, under the consideration that some disposition of the stock must finally take place.

There is nothing of it now saleable, but I have reprinted; and what is not now saleable, I should sell for waste paper, so that it would add nothing to the sale or circulation of what you call objectionable works, whilst the most that it do, would be to increase parts of my stock and delay the period of another reprint.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

RICHARD CARLILE.

To George Maule, Esq. Solicitor

to the Treasury.

TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

SIR,

Dorchester Gaol, Sept. 25, 1823.

In the year, 1819, you prosecuted me on an information filed against me by Sir Samuel Shepherd, and on my receiving a sentence of a fine of one thousand pounds on that Information, and five hundred pounds on an Indictment, both for the heinous crime of selling books, in addition to a sentence of three years imprisonment, you moved for a writ of *Levari Facias* to attach my property.

The writ was obtained and instantly put into execution: the whole of my property was seized and my business stopped. The property was removed to an Auction Mart: where, after a lapse of more than three years, a small portion of it was sold: and the bulk now remains unsold.

I have now been a prisoner one year, come November, in addition to the sentence of three years: and I begin to think, that my tribute and expiation has been more than proportionate to my offence upon the established institution: at least, many clergymen have told me so: and I presume, as the cause is partly theirs, they must be good and impartial judges in this matter.

I am at this time full five hundred pounds in debt, and cannot employ an Attorney to bring the affair of the seized and unsold property to an issue, as I have not been able to pay his *extra* costs for an action brought against the Sheriff last year.

The property seized was worth to me at the time of the seizure full the amount of both the fines: notwithstanding this, a second seizure took place in 1822, of all that I had further accumulated: and if no seizure had taken place, my fines would have been paid last November, and instead of being so heavy a debtor, I should now have been a rich man.

I must therefore ask the favour of your moving the Court of King's Bench, in the ensuing term, for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, that I may be brought up to prosecute my own case in person, and not remain a prisoner for life.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

RICHARD CARLILE.

To Sir Robert Gifford, Knt.,
His Majesty's Attorney General.

AFFIDAVIT SENT TO THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF
THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH, BY MR.
CARLILE.

IN THE KING'S BENCH.

The King against Richard Carlile.

Richard Carlile, of London, Bookseller, now a
Prisoner in Dorchester Goal, maketh oath
and saith:

That deponent, in the year 1819, was prosecuted in this Court for the publication of two books called blasphemous libels, and received the sentence of this Court, on the 16th day of November, to the amount of three years imprisonment and fifteen hundred pounds fines. That, at this time, deponent was carrying on a most profitable business, as a publisher and bookseller, which was destroyed by the seizure of his whole stock in trade upon the issuing of a writ of *Levari Facias* from this Court to attach his property, for the fine of one thousand pounds. That after the Sheriff had kept this deponent's shop shut up near six weeks, the whole of his stock in trade was removed to an auction mart in Chancery Lane, on the pretence of sale; but that no sale was made, beyond that of the beds and a few articles of furniture back to this deponent's wife for herself and infant children, to the amount of £54. That though every day tended to lessen the value of this deponent's stock in trade, no attempt was made to sell, and this deponent had to bring an action against the Sheriff, for neglecting to sell, upon which he, this deponent, as plaintiff, obtained a verdict. That, in consequence of this action, the Sheriff did advertise a portion of the stock for sale in January last, and a quantity of which deponent could, four years ago, when first seized have sold for five hundred pounds in his shop, did not, he has been informed, at the sale, fetch more than £35. That the major part of the stock still remains unsold, and this deponent knows not how to bring this affair to an issue, unless he can be brought to London by writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and cause the necessary motion to be made in this Court for that purpose. That, in the year 1822, deponent is informed, that a writ was issued from the Court of Exchequer to attach such property as his family had accumulated for him by that time, on account of his other fine of five hundred pounds. That a profitable business, was again destroyed, and this depo-

ment's assistants ejected from a house, of which he held a lease: that the house has been let by the Sheriff to some other tenant, by which deponent was deprived of another stock in trade, all the fixtures of the house and the remaining part of his lease: and that though, he has now been a prisoner four years, and one year on account of those fines, and though he has been deprived of property far exceeding to him the value of those fines, he does not know that he is to receive any abatement of those fines, in consequence of those seizures; and unless, he can be brought into Court, by writ of Habeas Corpus, to make some motions in his own behalf, he sees no termination to his imprisonment.

And this deponent further saith, that in this Gaol of Dorchester he has received very improper and unlawful treatment, and such as is preying upon his health, in consequence of the Visiting Magistrates refusing to give him such proper admission to the open air in the day time as is allowed to every other prisoner.

For these, and sundry other reasons, this deponent asketh of this court, that it will, be pleased to issue a writ of Habeas Corpus to bring him before the Court, or to order some final disposition of such property as the Sheriffs have taken from him, on account of the fines imposed upon him by this Court.

RICHARD CARLILE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE period of the imprisonment of Humphrey Boyle expires on the 27th inst. He wants bail to the amount of two twenty pounds only, and we want volunteers to bail him. There will be neither danger nor trouble attending the step, to whomsoever will be so good to come forward. We resort to this method of invitation, in preference to individual and personal applications: and we add that a more deserving man cannot be assisted. Mr. Carlile will hold himself responsible to the bailing parties for all consequences, as Mr. Boyle will not quit his employ: nor is it intended that he shall sell in the shop. The sum is £20. each for two persons. Common Sergeant Denman ought to find them, if he had any sense of shame.

Printed and Published by R. CARLILE, 84, Fleet Street.—All Correspondences for "The Republican" to be left at the place of publication.